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TALMAGE IN ASHEVILLE.

HE MAKES A SPEECH AT A BANQUET.

What he thinks of Western North Carolina—Good Advice for Tarheels to Consider—A Short sketch of his Life.

Special Correspondence of the Sentinel.

ASHEVILLE, N. C. July 31.—No visitor to this place has ever before commanded the respect and attention that has upon every occasion possible been directed towards the distinguished Brooklyn Divine who occupied the pulpit of the Baptist church last Sabbath and preached to a tremendous audience. Your correspondent has heard many comments on the enterprise of THE SENTINEL in being the first paper out side of Asheville to publish a verbatim report of the Dr's sermon.

In conversing with Dr. Talmage regarding his impression of Western North Carolina, he replied: "The pen of a Longfellow nor the brush of a Messonier can do it justice. Here I sit and watch nature, in all of her grand formation. Wonderfully grand and majestic these silent sentinels of God's own handiwork—beautiful and charming these fertile valleys ripe with the golden grain of harvest time, refreshing and soothing these mountain streams of pure crystalline water wending their way to the ports of commerce, navigation and trade, restful and passive this Skyland with panoramas of floating beauty in ever changing clouds, recuperative and health-restoring this oxygenated and balsamic air fresh and uncontaminated, giving new zest to life and building up worn out tissues of the human frame."

In referring to the industrial development in the South he said: "Progress seems to be the watchword everywhere in the South, especially so in your own State. Fill your villages, towns and cities with laboring looms and manufactories of all kinds and descriptions. And why shouldn't you? What advantage over North Carolina have the sterile rock-beds of New England that could not be easily retrieved? Capital? Massachusetts did not always have it, but made it in the face of competition. Besides the greatest things have small beginnings—neither Manchester nor Lyons were built in a year. You, young men, must learn to be patient and persevering. Utilize your lovely French Broad and your euphonious Swannanoa, then operatives, and spindles will not long be silent for want of hands to make them buzz."

The Dr. is immensely pleased with Asheville as a summer resort and he may lengthen his stay here longer than he had anticipated.

At a banquet a few evenings ago, given the members of the Charleston News and Courier excursion at the Battery Park Hotel, Dr. Talmage was present, and was called upon for a speech. He arose and said: "Mr. Chairman: I have heard Asheville and Charleston greet each other. Brooklyn greets you both. I have heard with great exultation the grand attractions of both Carolinas, and I said to myself as I sat there. This is not my country. It is true I was not born in North Carolina, but this is not my fault. All this continent will eventually be under one government. The United States will ask Canada for her heart and hand in marriage, and Canada gazing across the waters remembering her loyalty will look down, and blushing, say, 'Ask mother.'"

We hear much conjecture about the decay of this great country. I have no fear of any such result. I am not a pessimist but an optimist. The world began as a garden and it will end as a garden. Many alarmists will say the country will be crowded. Whenever I hear a man say so I say to myself that man has never been to Texas. Texas is bigger than France with its 36,000,000, or the German Empire with its 45,000,000. Let them come. They have recently been pouring into Kansas. Whole groups have passed through and I was told by a gentleman in a position to know that they averaged \$1,000 a piece in cash. I believe in not simply foreign prosperity, but foreign prosperity and American prosperity together. I was strolling through Castle Garden once, and wandered around the Park there. I saw a family group, and the father and husband reading to the group from a work they seemed deeply absorbed in. I had some curiosity to know what it was. Passing close to where he was reading, I saw it was the Book of Books. Immigrants of this kind will better this land and make it blossom and bloom. In this land we have 100,000 square miles of coal, alongside 180,000 square miles of iron, and the iron we use to pry out the coal, and the coal to melt the iron. It is a pleasure to me to see something of the prominent part taken in the material development of the country as a token

by the News and Courier—a journal in the front ranks of newspaperdom. "Not long ago, I took a tour through the South. I found, everywhere, a hope and an anxiety for the Northern people to come down here. I told my people so, and they said, oh, they have deceived him. But everywhere I go in the Southland, I see the same anxiety, and hear the same cordial invitation, and see the same great possibilities for the future. I have seen the same industrial activity on the banks of Chattanooga and Merrimac. It is a promising prospect.

I have little patience with men who are groaners and pessimists. I see the brightness of a grand day—about us; and if there is trouble ahead of us I don't want to know it now. The blood of this country is too rich and price-less to ever be spilt again in strife. We will live in uniformity and happiness, and abound in christian charity. England for manufactures, Germany for scholarships, Italy for pictures, France for manners, but the United States for God."

As many of THE SENTINEL's readers who enjoy Dr. Talmage's sermons in your columns from week to week, would like to know more concerning the life of the distinguished preacher, I have gathered the following points regarding his career.

Thomas DeWitt Talmage, one of the best known clergymen in America, is a Jerseyman by birth, having been born at Bound Brook, a small town about equal distances from Philadelphia and New York, on January 7th 1832. He was sent to complete his education at the New York University and graduated from thence in 1853. He then entered the New Brunswick, N. J. Theological seminary and in turn graduated in 1856. His first appointment was pastor of the Dutch Reform Church at Belleville, N. J., and he was subsequently connected with the Dutch Reform Church at Syracuse, N. Y., serving from 1859 to 1862. During the later year he was called to Philadelphia to serve as pastor of the Second Reform Church.

It was in 1869 that he first became connected with the Central Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., and in it he became famous. In 1870 his congregation erected a new church which had a capacity of 3400. This building known as the "Brooklyn Tabernacle" was destroyed by fire December 22nd 1872, but previous to this had been so enlarged as to seat 4000. The destruction of this building was a severe blow to Talmage and his congregation, but Phoenix-like a new structure arose from the ashes and was dedicated in 1872. This was larger than the one destroyed, and seated fully 5000 persons, it is the largest Protestant Church in this country. It is a noteworthy fact that this vast edifice is maintained by voluntary subscription solely, no pew rents being charged. In 1872 Mr. Talmage organized a lay college for religious instruction in the building formerly occupied by his congregation. The college to open for all denominations and instructions are given in philosophy, logic, and general literature, also in natural and systematic theology, sacred history, the evidences of christianity and the interpretation of Scripture and sacred rhetoric.

Dr. Talmage is one of the most noted of lecturers, having appeared in most of the large cities of the Union. He delivers his sermon extempore and to this is probably traceable the pitch to which he sometimes works himself and his audience. His sermons are reported and published in several religious newspapers both on this as well as the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Talmage has edited the Christian at Work since 1874 and has succeeded in giving it an extensive circle of readers. He has also published four volumes of sermons and in addition several other books notably "Abominations of Modern Society" (N. Y. 1872), "Every Day Religion" (1875) etc., etc.

Dr. Talmage preaches in Lakeside, O., next Sunday, but will probably return here for an indefinite stay.

SENTINEL.

Lieut. Gov. Stedman.
From the Goldsboro Messenger.

The conduct and bearing of Lieut. Gov. Stedman, after the result at Wadesboro, furnishes an example which might well be followed by all Democrats in North Carolina. When told of the result at about 2:30 in the morning, he was lying in bed at the hotel, but immediately sent a message about as follows: "Give my regards and congratulations to Col. Rowland and tell him I wish to make one speech for him during the canvass which I wish him to hear personally. Tell him it may not be as great a speech as others that may be delivered in his behalf, but none will be more honest and sincere."

Assured That Summer Has Come.
From the Chester News.

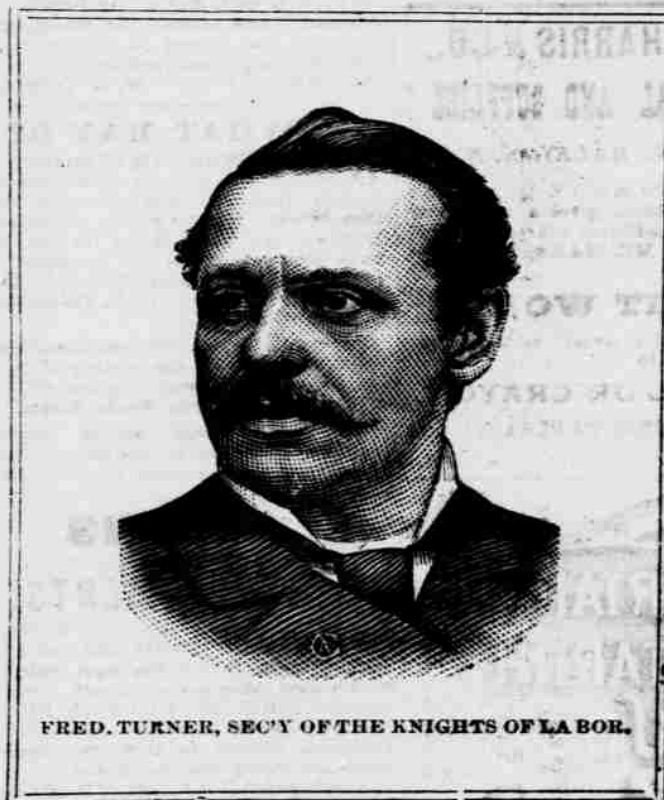
Now is the time when you may look for a visit from your city cousins.

A TARHEEL MOONSHINER.

A REVENUE DETECTIVES STORY, AND

Old Moss, an illicit Distiller of Mountain Dew, Who Lived on the Yadkin.

For more than two years before I was sent to the Internal Revenue headquarters in North Carolina it was a well-known fact that a denizen of the Blue Ridge, named Moss, was turning out more illicit whiskey than any other half a dozen men in the South. His haunt was supposed to be somewhere on the Yadkin river, and it was known that he was surrounded by half a dozen lawless characters who would shoot a revenue detective on sight. When I tell you that all these things were known, you will ask why



FRED TURNER, SECY OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

the gang was not broken up and the still captured? In the first place the government was short-handed. In the next, the exact locality of the gang could not be spotted. For one, two or three detectives to go rambling the mountain counties in search of moonshiners would be like looking for a needle in a hay stack. Now and then an inhabitant might be found who would give something away, but this was a rare exception. There was a bond of sympathy between the moonshiner and the farmer which prevented the latter from betraying any confidence.

Old Moss had been hunted for time after time, and two different detectives who had set to run him down had never returned. I was told to take my own way and time, and my first move was to locate at Salisbury as an invalid. While I was at that time enjoying perfect health, my friends charged me with a consumptive look, and it was easy to effect a stoop and a cough. I had not been in the town two days before certain Northern people who were passing the winter months, there were predicting that I had come too late to save my lungs.

I arrived in January, and for the first eight weeks the only move I made was to find how the different saloons were supplied with whiskey. That every gallon of it was illicit I soon came to know, and that all the stocks were replenished between dark and daylight was a fact which it took weeks to verify. The third discovery was that the whiskey was brought down the river in boats. The Yadkin is called by that name until it reaches Rockingham, when it becomes the Pedee. At Salisbury the stream is only four or five miles to the east of the town. When I had settled the fact that the whiskey came down the Yadkin it was a plain case that I must go up the Yadkin to find the still. A doctor from Ohio, who was passing the winter in Salisbury, kindly consented to advise me to camp out for a few weeks. He believed the mountain air would do me good and the colored man who would go along would do all the drudgery of camp.

I left Salisbury with a mule and cart, having a tent, a colored man, cooking utensils, a rifle and a fishing outfit, and in the course of seven or eight days we were among the mountains. That I was an invalid in search of health and on the gain no one could doubt, and that I was giving all my attention to hunting, fishing and looking up mineral specimens nobody could deny. I encountered plenty of mountaineers and "patch" farmers, any one of whom could no doubt have posted me as to Old Moss, but inquiries in that direction were the last thing to be thought of. We had our camp at the eastern end of a spur of the ridge. The river was not deep enough to float a laden boat, and I

reasoned that the whiskey was brought down by hand or on the backs of mules to a point at least ten miles below us. Every morning after breakfast I shouldered my rifle and took to the woods in search of game, always carrying a pocket compass and taking my bearings, and sometimes taking along a bise to eat that I might be gone all day. I shot a few squirrels and birds, but the "game" I was after was the still. I found several secret paths which I suspected were used by the moonshiners, and one day I determined to follow one of these toward the river, instead of into the mountains. It led me a long and circuitous journey, but it finally ended at the Yadkin, eleven or twelve miles below our camp. Here the stream was deeper and broader, and while no boat was at hand to confirm my suspicions,

THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

PROCEEDINGS IN BOTH HOUSES OF CONGRESS.

The Congressional Record not a True Reflex of the Representatives Public Life—Flattering Comments on Hon. Jas. W. Reid.

Special Correspondence of the Sentinel.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—That Congress did not adjourn when the House desired, was scarcely unexpected. It may be creditable that the session was prolonged somewhat, if not enough. Last week the hurried conferences and besieging claimants told only too well that Congress, in its last hours, prefers expedition to justice and prudence. In this mechanical and characteristic haste to adjourn, there is scarcely anything new. The dexterity with which a body of American politicians can ease their conscience is quite well-known. Last week was rigidly devoted, however, to accomplishing what time would permit. We may step from the beaten path at this eleventh hour, and consider men instead of measures. It is at Washington a Congressman undergoes

THE TEST OF SERVICE.

The general public, and his confiding constituents, may hear of his conduct in the halls of legislation; it may prove satisfactory. A brilliant speech, or a masterly measure, may answer for any shortcomings of which he has been accused, or, indeed, of which he is guilty. The Congressional Record, if nothing else, presents the average Congressman in his most favorable light. Of the actual, undisguised, and unvarnished conduct of a Congressman at Washington, the general public and constituents know nothing. The man must be seen in his true light.

DISPATION, UNSEEMLY CONDUCT, is frequently suppressed. It would be a thankless task for any newspaper to expose these weaknesses in a virtuous spirit, and a despicable ambition to dog a Congressman for no better purpose. But that there are members whose conduct at Washington is not what it would be at home, that there are members who are drunk from the opening to the adjournment, that there are members whose reputation is on a level with that of the outcasts of the city, are facts known to every observant citizen of the Capital. It is at Washington, therefore, that a Congressman can best be measured.

A CONSCIENTIOUS LEGISLATOR is entitled to, and should receive, all of the credit contrast permits. He is a man not found everywhere—a man who should be encouraged and supported. He may make a mistake of the head, but rely on it, he will never make a mistake of the heart. Sentiment may not be in place here, but the Congressman with a big heart can be trusted farther than one with nothing but a big head. In these days of metropolitan progress, it is a question whether virtue is encouraged. The success of men totally deficient morally is certainly poor encouragement to pursue the old common-place course of virtue. There can be no better acknowledgment, then, of virtue's place in American politics than unswerving determination to reward conscientious legislators.

A MAN OF THE PEOPLE

a man of whom we would speak, is essentially a man of heart. On the same principle that vice succeeds where virtue fails, it may be argued that a man of the people receives no encouragement. It is not far from the truth. A large number of Congressmen—perhaps some who were elected as men of the people—represent nothing but the gratification of personal ambition, the promotion of unholy aims, or the ill-disguised determination to be supported by Uncle Sam. Out of all sorts of coin, we select one that has the true ring—a man of the people from conscience, not from policy.

AN EARNEST, HARD WORKER, toiling not for self, but for constituents, this man, in and out of the halls of legislation, has won the admiration of all. This is saying much. His constituents have heard of him from time to time, through THE SENTINEL, but the real, hard labor and conscientious efforts have been actually observed by few not residents at Washington. Everything his constituents have heard has been favorable. This is all the average Congressman seeks to achieve. But what is better, everything his constituents have not heard has been favorable too. This is more than enough to re-elect him.

AN UNSWERVING PATRIOT, his heart has at all times been for his constituents. There has been no more policy in his creditable conduct; he has not toiled for the sake of another laurel; he has represented his constituents from a high sense of duty—been a patriot where others have been politicians. This requires a strong con-

science and pure patriotism. At an age when patriotism, like virtue, receives little encouragement, when politicians succeed where patriots fail, this man stands out in bold relief a fitting object for an appreciative constituency's gratitude. Considered merely in the light of patriotism, he is a model for the rising generation and one of the practical patriots of our second century.

WHEN HE COMES HOME,

his confiding constituents may receive him without a blush. He has, not only commanded the respect and admiration of strangers and a critical world, but he has conducted himself, in private as well as public, like a true son of the old North State. North Carolina may feel proud of this man of the people; she shares the credit. But his constituents will outstrip the State. He comes home, not with boasted triumph, but conscious of having served well and faithfully. He comes home, not like a shouting politician, but like a practical patriot. It is thus

JAMES WESLEY REID

comes home to you. SHADOW.

ROCKINGHAM COURT.

Notes Gathered by The Sentinel's Traveler.

WENTWORTH, N. C., July 27.—The fall term of the Superior Court for Rockingham county is now in session with his honor, Judge McKee on the bench. No important cases have yet been tried. This is the first court of the fall term for this district. The crowd in attendance is not large, only those attending who have business in court.

Threshing wheat is now in order and the farmers report about two-thirds of a crop. The roads and streets are very dusty. The usual number of lawyers are in attendance, among them are several young twigs, Judge Dillard, of Greensboro, is here and looks rather young for his age. Mr. R. B. Glenn is prosecuting for the State with his usual diligence. He is giving entire satisfaction we learn from many sources. Mr. C. A. Reynolds, of Winston, is also in attendance. I understand that he is to be the Republican candidate for Congress in this district.

A disturbance occurred near the court house yesterday in which John Barleycorn and Tom Applejack were the principals, the result was a few bruises and a slight fine by his honor Judge McKee. These fellows (Barleycorn and Applejack) are very troublesome and ought to be suppressed. Among the newspapers represented here are the News and Observer, State Chronicle, Websters Weekly, Dan Valley Echo and THE WEEKLY SENTINEL. We predict that none of these will get rich this court. In alluding to a difficulty which occurred near the court house Judge McKee said he would try to be Mayor of this town while the court was in session. We presume that some were wise enough to take the hint.

Your correspondent met Mr. Preston Ialey, of this county, at the court house and saw his beard measured which reached the astonishing length of four and a-half feet. Mr. P. is about 55 years old and says this beard is only 14 years old (this crop.)

On to-day, Thursday 29, Henry County, Va., will vote on the question of appropriating \$100,000 to the Roanoke & Southern R. R., also several townships in Pittsylvania county. It is thought that they will all go for appropriation.

One Mr. P., in this county caught 6 foxes at one haul the other day. His friends suggest the idea of carrying along his bird net next time and making a clean sweep of the varmints.

A good tobacco farmer in this vicinity carried over one thousand pounds of his weed to Reidsville the other day and sold it, but soon found that he did not have enough cash from the proceeds of sales to pay for his nights lodging, and had to come back home in post haste for lodging and breakfast at least this is the way in which his neighbors run the joke on him.

Reidsville is on a good building boom. Several large and handsome buildings are now going up and the town looks all life.

Mr. W. E. Hancock is still in charge of the old Wentworth Hotel and is polite and attentive to his guests, who are quite numerous this week.

TRAVELER.

There's Millions in It.

From the Wheeling Intelligence.

The man who will invent a process to bottle up the heat of these July days and keep it to turn loose next winter will beat natural gas out of sight.

The Dark Ways of Boodle Aldermen.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The granting of a tunnel franchise by the Chicago Board of Aldermen indicates some under-ground business.